At the Washita River Battle Site

Oklahoma wind is the only sound today, unlike the morning Black Kettle's band was jarred into a frosted dawn by Custer's buglers, bullets whizzing, hooves crashing through the creek's brittle skin. The Seventh Cavalry beat the Cheyenne with surprise that day. Black Kettle, finished with making peace, fell defending the village. This must have been as good as any place to die, sheltered among the river bottom cottonwoods, buttes blue from distance on the benchlands where buffalo fed on the yellow-cured grass, and the sky holding everything down.

The smell of the dead, of burning tipi skins and eight hundred gutshot horses is gone. Hereford cattle graze the hillsides now. Beer cans left by kids on Saturday night scatter the lawn around three picnic tables, and the asphalt glitters with broken glass. The bottom has been cleared and plowed—red furrows lined with winter wheat, stretching to the edges of the sky.

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Jan Palach

Thereza tells him to once chose from was Hilda, she tells him, Theresa?" George barges.

Thereza shakes her head with you." She smiles and feel honored that she when she is with him. Theresa's hand does not reach far.

George wonders if entirely, someone she does. He thought he was going she turns out to be a Jerf.

"What if I asked you to?" Jenny laughs.

"It's the Czech 'Ge" You can't even pronounce. There are?"

"Are there?"

"Definitely. Definitely.

"Then who is this Jiri?"

"Oh, she is very Eng do you do?' just like she to.

"And who is George?"

"He has a big Amer every day to work. He I think he has a wife, too.

"The dogs are brown?

"And the wife?"

"Oh, she's happy som

They'd met the night had suggested pulling a the apartment kitchen, clubs, hospodas and rest businesslike; he knew a studio apartment in the vacationing in style. George or how long he might s